

A pittilesse Mother.

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two of her owne Children at Acton within sixe miles fr

London vppon holy thursday last 1616. The ninth of May.

Being a Gentlewoman named *Margret Vincent*, wife of
Mr. Iarvis Vincent, of the same Towne.

With her Examination, Confession and true discouery of a
proceedings in the said bloody accident.

Whereunto is added *Andersons* Repentance,
was executed at Tiburne the 18. of May being Whitson-Euc.

Written in the time of his prisonment in Newgate.



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A Pittileffe Mother

That most vnnaturall at onetime, Murthered
two of her owne Childeren, at Acton within fixe miles
of London, vpon holy Thursday last 1616. the 9 of May be-
ing a Gentlewoman named Margret Vincent, wife of
Mr. Iaruis Vincent of the same Towne.

With her Examination, Confession and trew discou-
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How easie are the waies vnto euill, and
how soone are our mindes (by the Devils
inticcinent) withdrauone from goodnes,
Leuiathan, the Arch-enemy of mankinde
hath set such & so many bewitching snares
to intrap vs, that vnlesse we continually
stand watching with carefull diligence to
shun them, wee are like to cast the principall substance of our
reputation, vpon the wzacke of his ensnaring engines. As for
example, A Gentlewoman, ere now fresh in memory, presents
her owne ruine amongst vs, whose liues ouerthrow may well
serue for a cleare looking Glasse to see a womans weaknes in,
how soone and apt she is woonne vnto wickednes, not onely to
the bodiess ouerthrow, but the soules danger. God of his mercy
keepe vs all from the like wilfulnes.

At Acton, some fixe miles westward from London, this vn-
fortunate Gentlewoman dwelled, named Margret Vincent, the
wife of Mr. Iaruis Vincent Gentleman, who by vnhappy desti-
ny marked to mischance, I here now make the subiect of my
Pen, and publish her hard hap vnto the world, that all others

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may shew the like occasions by which she was ouerthrowne.

This Margret Vincent before named, of good parentage, borne in the County of Hartford, at a towne named Rickmansworth: her name from her Parents Margret Day, of good education, graced with good parts from her youth, that promised succeeding vertues in her age, if good luck had serued, for being discreete, ciuill, and of a modest conuersation, she was preferred in marriage to this Gentleman D. Vincent, with whome she liued in good estimation, well beloued, and much esteemed of all that knewe her, for her modest and seemely carriage, and so might haue continued to her old age, had not this bloody accident committed vpon her owne children blemished the glozy of the same.

But now marke (gentle Reader) the first entrance into her liues ouerthrow, and consider with thy selfe how strangely the Diuell here set in his foote, and what cunning instruments hee vsed in his assailements. The Gentlewoman being witty, and of a ripe vnderstanding, desired much conference in religion, and being carefull as it seemed of her soules happines, many times resorted to Diuines to haue instructions to saluation (little thinking to fall into the hands of Romaine Molnes (as she did) and to haue the sweete Lamb, her soule, thus intangled by their perswasions.

Twelue or Thowetene Yeares had she liued in marriage with her husband well beloued, hauing for their comforts diuers pretty children betweene them, with all other thinges in plenty, as health, riches, and such like, to increase concord, and no necessity that might be hinderance to contentment, yet at last there was such trappes and enginie set, that her quiet was caught, and her discontent set at liberty: her oppinion of the true faith (by the subtilt sophistry of some close Papists) was conuerted to a blinde belife of bewitching heresie, for they haue such charming perswasions that hardly the female kinde can escape their inticements, of which weakke sex they continually make priue of and by them lay plots to insnare others, as they did by this deceiued Gentlewoman, for she, good soule, being
made

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made a bird of their owne feather, desired to beget more of the same kinde, and from time to time made (perswasive arguments to win her husband to the same opinion, and deemed it a meritorious deede to charge his conscience with that infectious burthen of Romish oppinions, affirming by many false reasons that his former life had beene led in blindness, and that she was appointed by the holy Church to shew him the light of true vnderstanding: these and such like were the instructions she had given her to intangle her husband in, and win him if she might to their blinde heresies.

But hee, good Gentleman, ouer deeply grounded in the right Faith of Religion, then to be thus so easily remoued, grew regardless of her perswasions accounting them vaine and frinolous, and she vndutifull to make so fond an attempt, many times snubbing her with some few vnkinde speeches, which bred in her heart a purpose of more extremitie, for hauing learned this maxim of their Religion, that it was meritorious yea and pardonable, to take away the liues of any opposing Protestants were it of any degreé whatsoeuer, in which resolution or bloody purpose she long stood vpon, and at last (onely by the Diuels temptation) resolved the ruine of her owne children, affirming to her conscience these reasons, that they were brought vp in blindness and darke some errors, hoodwinckt (by her husbands instructions) from the true light, and therefore to saue their soule (as she vainely thought) she purposed to become a Tygerous Mother, and so willingly to commit the murder of her owne flesh and blood, in which opinion she stedfastly continued, neuer relenting according to nature, but casting about to finde time and place for so wicked a deed, which unhappily fell out as after followed.

It so chanced that a discord arose betwene the two towne of Acton and wiliden about a certaine common, bordering betwene them, where the towne of Acton as it seemed hauing the more right vnto it, by watching defended it a time from the others Cattle, wherevpon the women of the same towne, hauing likewise a willingnes to assist their husbands

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in the same defence, appointed a day for the like purpose, which was the Assention day last past, commonly called holy Thurst-day, falling vpon the 9. of the last passed month of May, which day (as ill chance would haue it) was the fatall time appointed for her to act this bloody Tragedie, whereon she made her husband fatherlesse of two as pretty children as euer came from womans wombe.

Vpon the Assention day aforesaid, after the time of Diuine seruice, the women of the towne being gathered together about their promised businesse, some of them came to Mistris Vincent, and according to promise desired her company, who hauing a minde as then more settled on bloudy purposes then countrey occasions, fayned an excuse of ill at ease, and not halfe well, desired pardon of them, and offering her Maide in her behalfe, who being a good apt and willing Seruant was accepted of, and so the Townes women, misdoubting no such hard accident as after happened, proceeded in their aforesaid defences, the Gentlewomans husband being also from home, in whose absence, by the fury and assistance of the Diuell, she inacted this wofull accident in forme and manner following.

This Mistris Vincent, now deseruing no name of Gentlewoman, being in her owne house fast lockt vp, onely with her two small Children, the one of the age of five yeares, the other hardly two yeares old, unhappily brought to that age to be made away by their owne Mother who by nature should haue cherisht them with her owne body, as the Pellican that pecks her owne brest to feed her young ones with her blood: but she more cruell then the Viper, the inuenomd Serpent, the Snake, or any Beast whatsoever, against all kind, takes away those liues to whom she first gaue life.

Being alone (as I said before) assisted by the Deuill, shee tooke the youngest of the two, hauing a countenance so sweet that might haue begd mercy at a tirants hand, but shee regarding neither the pretty smiles it made, nor the dabling before the mothers face, nor any thing it could doe, but like a fierce and bloudy Medea, shee tooke it violently by the throat, and
with

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With a Garter taken from her legge, making thereof a noose and putting the same about her Childs sweet necke, shee in a wrathfull manner drew the same so close together, that in a moment she parted the soule and body, and without any terror of Conscience, she layd the liueles Infant, still remaining warme vpon her bed, and with a relentles countenance looking thereon, thinking thereby she had done a deed of immortallity: Oh blinded ignorance! Oh inhumane deuotion! purposing by this to merit heauen, she hath deserued, (without true repentance) the reward of damnation.

This Creature not deseruing Mothers name, as I said befoze, not yet glutted, nor sufficed with these few drops of Innocent blood, nay her owne deare blood bred in her owne body, cherished in her owne wombe with much dearenes full forty weekes: not satisfied I say with this one murther, but she would headlong run vnto a second and to heape more vengeance vpon her head, she came vnto the elder Child of that small age that it could hardly discerne a Mothers cruelty, nor vnderstand the fatall destiny fallen vpon the other befoze, which as it were seemd to smile vpon her as though it begd for pittie, but all in vaine for so tirrannous was her heart, that without all motherly pittie, shee made it drinke of the same bitter cup, as shee had done the other: for with her garter she likewise pressed out the sweet ayre of life and laid it by the other vpon the bed sleeping in death together, a sight that might haue burst an iron heart in sunder, and made the very Tiger to relent.

These two pretty children being thus murthered, without all hope of recouery, she began to growe desperate and still to desire more and more blood, which had bene a third murther of her owne babes; had it not bene abroad at Purse, and by that meanes could not be accomplished, whereupon she fell into a violent rage, purposing as then to shew the like mischief vpon her selfe, being of this strange opinion, that she her selfe by that deeде had made Saints of her two children in heauen, so taking the same garter that was the instrument of their deaths, and putting the noose thereof about her owne necke
She

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she stroue therewith to haue strangled her selfe, but nature being weake, and flesh fraile, she was not able to doe it: Whereupon in a more violent fury, (still animated forward by instigation of the Deuill) she ran into the yard purposing there in a pond to haue drowned her selfe, hauing not one good motion of Saluation left within her.

But heere good Reader marke what a happy preuention chanced to preferue her in hope of Repentance, which at that time stayd her from that desperate attempt, the mayd by great fortune, at the very instant of this deed of desperation, returned from the field or Common where shee had left most of the neighbours, and comming in at the backside, perceiuing her mistris by her gasly countenance, that all was not well, and that some hard chance had happened her or hers, demaunded how the Children did: Oh Pan (quoth she) neuer oh neuer shalt thou see thy Tom more, and withall gaue the maid a bore vppon the eare, at which she laid hold vppon her Mistris, calling out for helpe into the Towne, whereat diuers came running in, and after them her husband, within a while after, who finding what had hapned, were all so amazed together, that they knew not what to doe, some wrung their hands some wept, some called out for Neighbours, so generall a feare was strooke amongst them all, that they knew not whether to goe nor run, especially the good Gentleman her husband, that seeing his owne Children slaine, murdered by his Wife, and their owne Mother, a deed beyond nature and humanity, in which extasie of griefe, at last hee broke out in these speeches. Oh Margret, Margret, how often haue I perswaded thee from this damned Opinion, this damned Opinion, that hath vndone vs all. Wherevppon with a gasly looke and fearefull eye shee replied thus, Oh Iaruis, this had neuer beene done, if thou hadst beene ruld, and by mee conuerted, but what is done, is past, for they are Saints in heauen, and I nothing at all repent it. These and such like words passed betwixt them, till such time as the Constable, and others of the townesmen came in, and according to law carried her before a Iustice of the peace, which
is

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to a Gentleman named Maister Roberts of Widdowen, who understanding these haynous offences rightly according to law & course of Justice, made a Mittimus for her conueyance to Newgate in London, there to remaine till the Sessions of her tryall: yet this is to bee remembred that by examination shee voluntarily confessed the fact, how shee murdered them to saue their soules, and to make them Saints in heauen, that they might not be brought vp in blindnesse, to their owne damnation. Oh wilfull heresie, that euer Christian should in Conscience bee thus miscarried, but to be shor't shee proued her selfe to be an obstinate Papist, for there was found about her necke a Crucifixe, with other reliques which shee then wore about her: that by the Justice was commanded to be taken away, and an English bible to be deliuered her to read, the which shee with great stubboznesse threwe from her, not willing as once to look therevpon, nor to heare any diuine comforts, deliuered thereout for the succour of her Soule

But now againe to her conueyance towards prison, it being Attention day and neere the closing of the euening, too late as then to be sent to London, shee was by Commandement put to the Constables keeping for that night, who with a strong watch lodged her in his own house till morning, which was at the Bell in Acton where hee dwelled, who shewing the part and duty of a good Christian with diuers other of his Neighbours, all that same night plyed her with good admonitions, tending to repentance, and seeking with great paines to conuert her from those erronious Opinions which shee so stubboznelly stood in, but it little auayled, for shee seemed in outward shew so obstinate in Arguments, that shee made small reckoning of repentance, nor was a whit sorrowfull for the murder committed vpon her children but maintained the deed to bee meritorious and of high desert.

Oh that the blood of her owne body should haue no more power to pearce remoyle into her Iron naturd heart, when Wagan women that know not God nor haue any feeling of his Dettie will shun to commit bloodshed, much more of their owne

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side: the Caniballs that eat one another will spare the fruites of their owne bodies, the Sauages will doe the like, yea euery bea't and fowle hath a feeling of nature, and according to kinde will cherish their young ones, and shall woman, nay a Christi-an woman, Gods owne Image, be more unnaturall then Pagan, Caniball, Sauage, Beast or Fowle, it euen now makes a trembling feare to beset me, to thinke what an error this unhappie Gentlewoman was bewitched with, a witchcraft begot by hell and nurled by the Romish Sect, from which in-chantinent God of heauen defend vs.

But now againe to our purpose, the next day being Friday, and the tenth of May, by the Cunstable M. Dighton of the Bel in Acton with other of his neighbours, she was conueyed to Newgate in London, where lodging in the Paisters side, many people resorted to her, as well of her acquaintance as others and as before, with sweete and comfortable perswasions, practised to beget repentance, and to be sorry for that which she had committed, but blindness so preuailed, that she continued still in her former stubbornnes, affirming (contrary to all perswasive reasons) that she had done a deepe of charity in making them Saints in heauen, that otherwise might haue liued to destruction in hell, and likewise refused to looke vpon any protestant booke, as Bible, Meditation, Prayer booke and such like, affirming them to be cronious, and dangerous for any Romish Catholique to looke in, such were the violent opinions she had beene instructed in, and with such seruencie therein she continued that no disuasions could withdraue her from them, no not death it selfe, being here possessed with such bewitching wilfulnes.

In this danger of minde continued she all Fryday, Saturday and Sunday, the Sermons drawing nere, there came certaine Godly Preachers vnto her, who preuailed with her by celestially consolations, that her heart by degrees became a little mollified, and in nature somewhat repentant for these her most heynous offences.

Her soule a little leaning to saluation, encouraged these good men

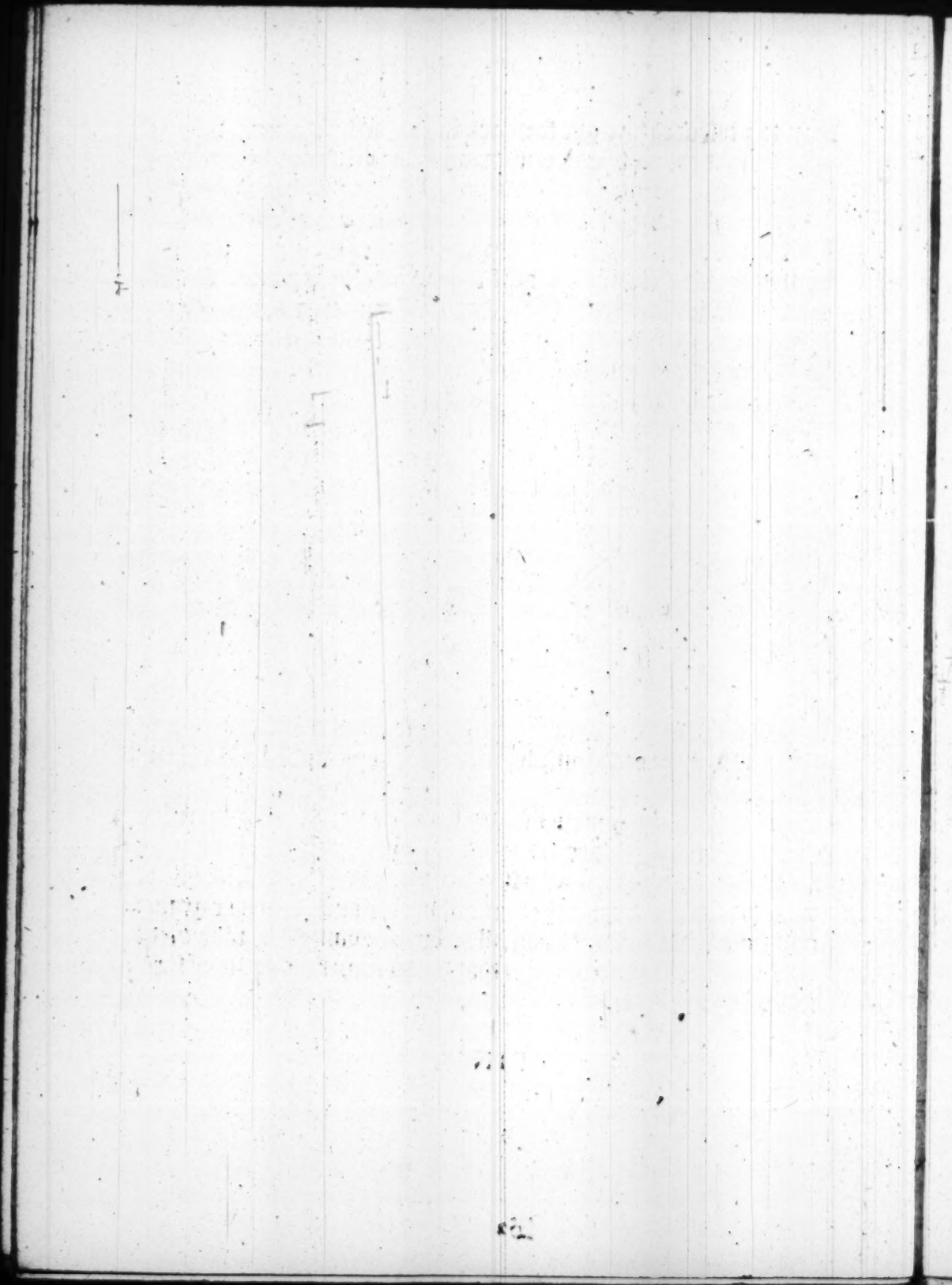
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men to perseuere and goe forward in so Godly a labour, who at last brought her to this oppinion, as it was iustified by one that came from her in Jewgate vpon the munday before the Sessions, that she earnestly belieued she had eternally deserued hell fire for the murther of her children, and that she so earnestly repented the deed, saying, that if they were aliuie againe, not all the world should procure her to doe it: Thus was she truely repentant, to which (no doubt) but by the good meanes of these Preachers she was wrought vnto.

And now to come to a conclusion, as well of the discourse as of her life she deserued death, and both Law and Justice hath awarded her the same, for her examination and free confession needed no Jewry, her owne tonge proued a sufficient euidence, and her conscience a witnes that condemned her, her iudgement and execution she receiued with a patient minde, her soule no doubt hath got a trew penitent desire to be in heauen, and the blood of her two innocent Children so wilfully shed (according to all charitable iudgements) is washed away by the mercies of God: Forgiue and forget her good Gentlewomen, shee is not the first that hath beene blemished with blood, nor the last that will make a husband wifelesse, her offence was begot by a strange occasion, but buried I hope with true repentance.

Thus Countrymen of England haue you heard the ruine of a Gentlewoman, who if Popish perswasions had not beene, the world could not haue spotted her with the smallest marke of infamy, but had carried the name of vertue euen vnto her graue: and for a warning vnto you all, by her example, take heed how you put confidence vnto that dangerous sect, for they surely will deceiue you.

FINIS.



Anderfons Repentance who , was executed at Ti-
burne the 18. of May being Whitson
euen. 1616.

Written in the time of his imprisonment in Newgate.



Sigh, for my musicke was a *Syrens* song,
a fayre deceit to Shadow me in griefet
What , saide I fayre? alas , I cald it wrong.
Vlisses know the *Syrens* danger chiefe,
Was when she sung to lul a man asleepe,
then fashiond she to sing to make men weepe.

Had I but stopt myne eares when *Syrens* sung,
and bound my selfe vnto *Vlisses* mast:
Or had I thought , alas , I am but young ,
too much is all to, venture on a cast,
I might haue liu'd, and from all dangers free,
where now I dye, for life is not for mee.

Barkt in a Pinnis made by selfe conceite,
affection Captaine, querwhelmde with care,
Destruction neare, whom I espied too late ,
incounter giuen by foule and black dispaire :
My Pinnis sunke, and fences all were dimme ,
no hope of life, though still I striue to swimme.

Breake throbbing heart , eyes gush out floods of teares,
melt flesh from bone , let veynes and arthures rend:
Fly soule, and search redresse to cure thy feares,
Elizium fields cannot afford one friende,
All death, all hell, my hands with griefe I wring ,
mercy may cure: forgiue fayre Englands King.

Anderfons Repentance.

I cannot speake but kill my selfe with wordes:
I cannot thinke but I my conscience wound.
Law stabbes mee still in euery part with swordes,
Iustice commands in Fetters I be bound,
And for I was, as I haue gracelesse beene,
no life vnlesse thy mercy gracious King.

Confounding sadnesse like a load of lead,
chilles all my blood and makes my sinnewes shrinke.
Reuenge quoth wrong, let Rigor stand in stead,
Death fills the cup, and saith that I must drinke:
Still pittie pleades and thinketh death's a King,
might it so please thy mercy gracious King.

I all confusd, and in confusion wrapt,
Implore thy mercy prostrate on my face,
Youngling was I and nouice like intrapt,
Repentance, away shall follyes chase,
No blemish blot, I hate any such thing,
If I find grace and mercy of my King.

Villaines auant, helhounds you are by kind,
Offensiuè Varlets to a Common state,
Shame to offend so meeke a King in minde:
Presuming swaines he doth your vilenes hate,
Liue as you ought, and braue it not with bragges,
least law condemne you in your proudest ragges.

Awake for shame, and lift your eyelids vp,
sleepe not secure nor dreame of doing wrong,
If Iustice strike you cannot change her cup,
death being doome, you fall, for he is strong,
And then you curse, because you did not cease:
To vex your King with troubling Countries peace.

Shed

Andersons Repentance.

Shed not the blood of any, for you know
The high Commander, God, doth so command:
Whose law to keepe thy Soueraigne doth intreat,
thy health it is Gods Law to vnderstand:
Obeying God, God shall all harmes preuent,
Keeping his peace thy King is well content.

Abate Presumption, sinne is not a iest,
though God forbear, yea will he surely strike:
God made thee man, make not thy selfe a beast,
vaine man that in the worst dost take delight.
Ah stoope betimes, take well what well is spoken,
least thou repent when as thy pitchers broken.

In budding Youth when yeares begin to bloome,
and corage flowers the blossoms of the mind:
Fruit wanting grace fierce thunderclaps can doome,
with lightening flasht, els beaten with the winde.
Fruit all vnkind, as bad as bad may be,
and curst by God for an accursed tree.

Shame barraine branches for no fruit you beare,
your leaues are greene, deceitfull are your twigs:
Christ gaue the curse then dread and stand in feare,
the tree did wither for it bare no figs:
Beauties deceit causd Christ himselfe come nye,
seeing no fruit he curst the tree to dye.

Might sorrowing sobs with teares redeeme whats past,
or floods of teares suffice for so redone ills:
Behold my lookes with discontent orecastr,
whose heart doth rend, whose eyes forth fountaines stills:
And yet all this and all that longs thereto,
is small to that which I intend to doe.

My

Andersons Repentance.

My heart through flesh shall issue sweating greece,
and scald my bones with salt and brinish teares:
Through flesh and bone hartes want shall begge reliefe,
on bended knees till bone my flesh out weares.
Flesh, bone and hart consumed in mourns for sinne,
Still all too small, anew I must begin.

Whole lumpe of flesh, my selfe flesh blood and bone,
earths dust, clayes lumpe, all made of ash and clay,
All these are I, or else I were alone,
and soule with these inioynd to greatst dismay.
Earths dust, clayes lumpe, ash, flesh and bone abused,
soule quite resolud and yet no way excused,

Weepe flesh for sinne, Soule mourne with teares diuine,
or quell submissiue more then nature wrought:
Gods perfect image, earth to heauens combine,
soules prison earth, soules mournes, earths happies sought.
Yet soule nere cease, but dround the earth with teares,
till he graunt pardon whom thy sorrow heares.

Diuine celestiall maker of Earths globe,
crownd King of Kings, most mighty power of power:
Iust in thy iudgement cleare in scarlet robe:
sweet of all sweets in iudgement gaul to sowers,
Sweet sorrow soures with teares, if thou thinke meet,
then salue of sores with Balme shall make me sweet.

Soules chiefeft dread, and bodiés bitterst morne,
deathes graue, deepe hell all agonizing feares:
Accusing thoughtes hearts throb, hopes all forlorne,
element all earth, inflamed soule, heauens spheare,
Body and soule to teares-resolue you still,
till iust of iusts do pardon all mine ill.

And

Andersons Repentance.

And all I am, in Body, Dust, Earth, Clay,
element of Ash, conceiv'd and borne in sinne:
Old *Adams* Childe, *Eves* Apple pluckt, decay,
lines sackt; Soules losse not thy mourninga line;
But gush out the wters of teares in midst distress,
Harts moane, Soules groane, in one both begredres,

Ayre, Flesh, Life, Soule, conglutinate in one,
word from his mouth, who living Soule did give:
Maker of all, all made by God alone,
Breath, life, and death, by whome I only live:
All, all in all, his mercy still appeares,
And I of him, his mercy beg with teares.

Great God remit the follies of my youth,
dread King forgive, I will no more offend:
Nor God, nor King, but I will serve in truth,
till *Atropas* the daies of life shall end:
And at mine end my God shall have the praise,
Begging of him to lengthen long his daies.

Bodies deathes feare, is no cause of my moane,
but endles feare of everlasting death.
I wish to live for Countries good alone,
to serve my King all daies of vitall breath:
And if his mercy be to life extended,
My life is his, till death my life hath ended.

Unworthy far such favour to entreate,
all is too small, all don that I am able:
Yet for thy grace in mercy is so greate,
Give me the crumbes that doe fall from thy Table:
Who els doth starue, imprisoned in griefe,
No foode tast I, save only thy reliefe.

Andersons Repentance.

If *Maudlins* teares did ever Christs feet wet,
and sweet her Soule with true repentant teares?
If *Peters* mourning streames did mercy get
for all his finnes though he his Christ forswears:
My sad laments abounding from mine eyes,
Sweet King accept, and heare my mournfull cries.

A wounded Soule, a broken contrite heart,
creepes in greatest throng, thy vestures hem to touch:
The oyle of life, King of my life impart,
though finnes be great, thy mercies twice as much:
Thy word my foode, for want of foode growne leane,
Spotted and foule, till Hy sop make me cleane.

My Body prisoned for my ill don deeds,
lawes iustice calles me to my guerdon death,
Except faire Iustice all in all exceeds,
my vitall spirits all must pant for breath:
King of my life be not so sore offended,
But let me liue, and all shall be amended.

I will redeeme my time with grieve and woe,
Ile aske forgiuenesse both of God and Man:
The like offences neuer will I doe,
but still redresse with all the speed I can:
Changing my selfe, my manners, minde and all,
Law ding his name defends me from deaths fall.

Like *Esops* Dog, I fondly lost my bone,
vaine hope of more, hath lost my selfe and all:
In floods of teares Ile helpe *Narrissus* mone,
who for a shaddow did in water fall:
The shadow his, which all to late he found,
So I deceand, am with *Narrissus* drownd.

Learn

Andersons Repentance.

Learne of the Emet, equall her in paine,
Shame that a Worme in vertue should surpasse:
Die to all sinne, her fauour to attaine,
and be not dull, like to the spurgald Ass,
Who can, and will not: for your willes are hidden,
Worths so obscurd, thrice worthy to be chidden.

But why delate I from my selfe to you?
Its I that mourne, I languish and lament,
Incarcered in loathsome Prison now,
hard manacled to bide all discontent:
My thoughtes disgraft, my hopes linkt to deaths fetter,
My drinke salt teares, because I liu'd no better.

The description
of New
gate, and the
Prisoners ly-
ing there.

When I am hungry, then I feed on care,
and when I rest it is in *Plutoes* den:
My bed is grieve, my Pillow is dispaire,
my Chamber-mates, all miserable men,
Whose hopes deceau'd, and yelding to illusion,
Will, wanting grace, hath wrought me like confusion.

When *Morpheus* pittie moues me to anap,
then *Vulcan* clattering yron chaynes awake me:
When *Tytans* mantles spread on sorrows lap,
Horror, Hells furie, sweares heel not forsake me.
Yet slumbring whiles as *Morpheus* care orequels,
Waking, me thinkes I see a thousand Hells.

And when *Aurora* listeth vp her eyes,
and bids faire *Phobus* welcom from the West,
Then I behold more then whole worlds surmise,
men quick in hell, in torments and vnrest,
Some pine for hunger, some in cold cheynes tyed,
And Ratts like diuels do pray on some that dyed.

Andersons Repentance.

No misery but I both feele and see,
my cup is full of woes vnto the brimme,
My Pen cannot describe them as they bee:
amidst distresse, yet will I call on him,
In pittie shines, whose glory mercy is :
Freeing my Soule from Hell to heighest blis.

Arabian Phenix kindling vertues fire,
let mercy flame to thaw my frozen woes:
Most grarious King, quench out all coales of fire,
els Soule consum'd to cinders, sunder'd goes:
Shine still in mercy bright as sunshine rales,
life-giuing King, my Soule shall giue thee praise.

The *Publican* surpris't with weight of sin,
durst not presume to cast his eyes on hie:
Gazing on Earth, his heart did neuer lin,
but *Miserere* loudly did he cry.
Peccavi Lord, this Sinners Soule confessed :
Whose note I sing, that haue no lesse transgressed.

The wandring Sonne, whose portion was mispent
with ryots, surfets, quaffing boales of vice,
Dainties all deere : in hunger now content
to feed with Hogs, this Prodigall not nice,
All tatters torne, shakt out of coulors fine,
Him need compels to keepe a strangers Swine.

The ground contents this restles to ly on,
whome beddes of downe did whilome discontent,
His head vp bolstered with some hill or Stone:
the cloudes a conering to his field-bed lent,
Where sory man oreplunged wofull lies,
His courtaines cold, and canopic the skies.

Remu-

Andersons Repentance.

Remunerating with himselfe the cause
of want, of woe, of hunger, and of colde:
Offence to God, the breaking of his lawes.
then breake out teares, he could no longer holde,
But weeping ran, till he his Father sees,
In true repentance, bending both his knees.

And with loud orgaine of a fainting Soule,
Father he sayed, I haue gainst Heauen offended,
Gainst Earth, & thee, whose power doth sin controule,
no worthy Sonne, so he his faint speach ended:
Yet still in silence pearle of teares drild forth,
Till fathers welcome compted him of worth

His Fathers heart in pittie then relents,
about his neck he ching'd his aged armes,
Glad in his heart his Sonne in heart repents,
receiues him home, and with a kisse, he warnes
That all his friends should feast at his free cost,
And welcom home his Sonne so long was lost.

Thrice happy Sonne, whose teares renews this grace,
and sweet repentance was it home thee brought:
Threefold thrice double happie Fathers face,
a Sonne to finde, whom thou so long had lost:
And Sonne most happie in a Father kinde,
Who being lost did such a Father finde.

The selfesame balme is cure for my great woe,
the same repentance makes me *Abba* crie.
My speach doth faint, and I can say no more.
mercie redresse, els languishing I die:
Sweet sweet of sweets, blest balme, chiefe ease of paine,
Graunt mee my home, I will not stray againe.

Andersons Repentance.

No more shall folly hold my witts in thrall,
Wisedome shall ransome Will from Follies bandes:
Experience shall forewarne mee Syrens all.
Nor shal Dispaire, touch Conscient with foule hands
But with Repentance will I liue and die,
In Vertues bower, where shame can not come nie.

With sinne my soule shall be no more oppress,
my God and King to serue, shall be my care:
No longer shall my thoughts be at vnrest,
but dayly shun the place where Wicked are.
Discretion aye shall guide my Heart aright,
To shine mongst men like worthy lamps of light.

My cullerd Suites will I exchange for black,
till scarlet finnes be all as white as snow:
On mee swift Time shall neuer turne his back,
nor shall his raske be more my Tayres to mow:
But with repentance, furrow hopes forlorne,
Till God giue grace I sheafe vp better corne.

My words are vowes, beleue them all of worth,
I cannot paint I haue forgot to gloaze:
The swearing tongue I haue quite cut it forth,
what I haue been, cease further to impose:
And for I am as I was not before,
So God be Iudge, for men can iudge no more.

The life I led I loath thereon to thinke:
say what I was, I hate my selfe therefore:
Giue him not Gaule that beggeth for a drinke:
who els is kild, what need you stab him more,
My wounds are deepe, yet Phisicks cure may spie,
A salue for soare, or els I surely die.

Andersons Repentance:

If I be rayld by him preserueth all,
from death to life a *Lazarus* from his graue.
A *Pharoes* vassall, a persecuting *Saul*,
but neyther now, but as my God would haue,
A Soule redeemed, and ransomed with his blood,
May liue, because the Lord hath thought it good.

And if I liue, my life I will decore,
iecting sinne, sweet vertue to install:
Giuer of grace, graunt grace I sinne no more,
establist mee that I doe neuer fall,
To thee my heart, my life, and Soule, I giue,
Who after death eternally makes liue,

Direct my pathes, euen for thy mercies sake,
guide thou my steps to shun all sinfull waies:
Keepe me from sleepe, in thee still let me wake,
to laude thy name all time of earthly daies:
And when I earth shall be resolu'd to dust,
Graunt that my Soule may liue amongst the iust.

FINIS. William Anderson.

